Hannibal Lecter and the Chocolate Factory

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/14891408.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Beverly Katz, Beverly Katz & Brian Zeller
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Freddie Lounds, Franklyn Froideveaux, Mason Verger, Randall Tier, Beverly Katz, Wendigo (Hannibal), Tobias Budge, Brian Zeller
Additional Tags:	Horror, Comedy, Weirdness, Alternate Universe - Fusion, Unfortunate Accidents, Minor Character Death, Multiple Deaths, Mystery
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-06-10 Completed: 2018-06-13 Words: 5,091 Chapters: 3/3

Hannibal Lecter and the Chocolate Factory

by extremelyperturbed

Summary

Basically a riff on the movie Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory where Hannibal is Willy Wonka and Will is Charlie. Everybody is 18+ in age though.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

Sitting at his dining table, Franklyn Froideveaux sighed over his Golden Ticket he had found in a Lecter's Chocolates candy bar. Ever since he had won the lottery, he had been able to get anything his heart desired. He had a cool car with a chauffeur, a mansion, any cheese he liked and a private jet. He even had a cool new friend named Tobias, who was sitting across from him.

"Tobias, look at this Golden Ticket." He had bought the whole contents of a Lecter's Chocolate store on a whim and had been sampling the various candies when on the fifth day, he found it. Tobias had tasted a few bonbons but refused to indulge in more as he insisted on keeping his figure.

Tobias rolled his eyes. "You just won a ticket to tour a candy factory. Why are you so excited?"

"It's the best candy ever. It's so good even you like it," said Franklyn. "The owner is so mysterious."

"I do appreciate its subtle nuances but I do not need to know how it's made."

"You are so grumpy."

"I find that insulting."

"I'm sorry. I'll . . . get you a Stradivarius."

"OK, I won't kill you then."

"You're such a kidder."

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It may not pay as well as it used to but being a star on YouTube and social media snagged me one of these, thought Freddie as she sat at her computer. She waved herself with a Golden Ticket. It had taken a promise to do some free promotion on her Tattlecrime channel and a sweetener of a meet and greet of a somewhat creepy fan but it was worth it. There were some truly dark and weird rumors about the CEO and owner of Lecter's Chocolates and she would find the answers.

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From his balcony, Mason glared down at his workers who usually worked as meat packers or pig farmers sitting at tables, ripping off the wrappers of candy bars and throwing aside any that did not have the ticket. "Haven't you found it yet? I want it now! I've even got Margot going through the bars! Hell, I've even got kids who expected a summer camp working on this project!"

Cordell suddenly grabbed the hand of a worker and held it aloft. "She found it!"

"Good, good, now have the candy thrown in the pig troughs!"

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In the middle of the woods, Randall looked down at his victim he had mauled to death with his prototype metal claws then noticed something shiny in his pocket. He pulled it out and saw that it was a winning ticket to a candy factory tour. He wondered if he should toss it aside then figured that he could use it.

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Will waited for Beverly in the high school parking lot after school. Once he saw her, he waved her over.

"I can't take this," said Will as he held out the Golden Ticket he had found in the candy bar Beverly had gotten for him from the store where she worked as a sales clerk and cashier. "You're the one who bought it for me."

"I can't use it. I work at the candy store and no employees can go on the tour," said Beverly. "I gave the bar to you so you should take it. Don't you want to take a tour of Lecter's candy factory?"

"You could sell it for mad money. There's only five of them and four of them have already been claimed."

"I don't think I can sell it. It would look extremely sketchy. Look, Will, it's yours. You should go. If you really want to make it up to me, get me some cool samples. Especially anything caramel."

Will smiled. "I promise."

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"I didn't expect that the factory we'd be going to would be in Lithuania," said Will. He had worried about the expense of getting there but was told taxes and travel arrangements were all taken care of.

"I don't know why we have go into the factory alone. Usually when someone wins this type of thing, you usually get to take someone with you," said Freddie as she and the other four winners walked through the opened gate to the factory. She noticed that reporters had been kept far away. Well, she thought, Lecter didn't count on me winning a ticket.

"Maybe he has secrets and the fewer eyes, the more comfortable he feels," said Will.

Mason smirked at everyone and said, "If I find it worthwhile, I'll buy it from him."

Franklyn frowned. "I thought that your business was pork."

"I like chocolate bars. They are very useful. Besides, I hear it's not just candies he makes but other things as well. I want to see this man and size him up."

Randall said little and nobody felt inclined to talk to him. He gave off a very weird vibe.

Once in front of the actual factory which loomed over them like some Gothic nightmare, a man walked out of the front door. He was wearing a plaid suit with a matching top hat. He had a severe face but an amused expression. "So, you're the five winners of my contest," he said.

"Who are you?" snapped Mason.

"I am Hannibal Lecter, owner of Lecter's Chocolates. I will be your guide."

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Oh . . ." said Mason, looking at Hannibal up and down. "I am Mason Verger of Verger Meatpacking. It may be that we could do some business together."

"I believe that should be discussed at the end of the tour. You have no idea what my factory is capable of."

Franklyn took one look at Hannibal and squealed with delight. "Hello, Mr. Lecter. I am Franklyn and a huge fan of your chocolates. I have so many product ideas. I really think there should be many more cheese and chocolate combinations."

"I'm sure you have ideas," said Hannibal.

Randall merely waved and grunted out his name.

Freddie stepped forward and said, "I'm Freddie Lounds. You may have heard of me. I have a podcast and a YouTube channel called Tattlecrime."

"Sorry, no."

Freddie took out her Ipad. "I notice there's no wifi out here. Why is that?"

"We have no need of it."

Freddie decided not to talk about getting an interview until the end of the tour. Perhaps he will reveal something I can use as leverage during the tour, she thought.

"And you are?" said Hannibal as he turned to Will.

"I'm Will Graham. I just graduated high school. I hope to become a cop, maybe an FBI agent."

"I find that interesting," said Hannibal. He turned his attention to everybody and said, "Please, everybody follow me."

Once inside, they found themselves in a dark but grand hallway lit on both sides by torches.

"Where's everybody else?" said Franklyn.

"They're here. They're inside," said Hannibal.

At the end of the hall, there was another door. "Prepare yourselves," said Hannibal as he threw open the door.

Inside was what appeared to be a grassy landscape dotted with trees laden with candy and giant mushrooms with caps filled with whipped creams and custards. Even Mason was impressed. "Wow, this is some production," said Mason. "What kind of drugs did you take to design this?"

Hannibal merely gave him a thin smile.

"Why is the water brown?" said Freddie, pointing to a waterfall.

"It's chocolate, not water. The waterfall aerates and makes it frothy,helps to make it creamy. This is the only company that does this," said Hannibal. "Everything in this room is edible, even the grass. In fact, I am also edible but that is considered cannibalism and is frowned upon in most societies. Enjoy whatever you like in this room."

The contestants ran but Hannibal held Will back. In a low voice, he said, "Outside of this room, I insist that you only eat what I give to you specifically."

"All right, but why aren't you telling everybody else this."

"They ran off before I could tell them."

Will gave him a look but said nothing. He joined the others in sampling the candy filled landscape. He sampled the grass and found it sweet and brittle with a dash of herbacious flavor. The fruits on the trees were like juicier and sweeter version of themselves where even the core and seeds were edible. Will remembered the fairy tale of Hansel and Gretel and wondered briefly if tasting the witch's house was anything like what he was experiencing now.

Freddie was tasting a large lollipop while Franklyn was shoveling custard cream into his mouth with his right hand. Mason was whooping it up as he broke a branch off a tree and drank its sap. Randall quietly gorged himself on candy berries.

"What are those things with horns?" said Freddie. The rest of the contest winners stopped to see where she was pointing. They saw tall dark humanoids with expansive horns standing next to large elks covered with black feathers. They seemed to be working on gardening and pruning the surrounding area.

Hannibal said, "They're Wendigos from Wendigo Land. Those animals next to them are Ravenstags. They were starving when I met them. They came here because I promised to feed them their most favorite food if they worked for me."

"Chocolate?" said Franklyn.

"Among other things . . ." said Hannibal. A Wendigo handed him a tray of chocolates. "Oh, yes, thank you for reminding me."

"What's on that tray?" said Randall, looking at the chocolate squares on the tray Hannibal was holding.

"I have a few samples for everyone. I'm trying out a few flavor combinations. Let me hand it to you," he said. He handed the first square to Will.

Will took the chocolate sample and found the flavoring odd. He took a close look at the chocolate and said, "There are pomegranate seeds."

"Yes, I'm testing out the compatibility of all sorts of foods starting with the letter 'p.' Please tell me your true opinion of the combination."

"I'm not sure chocolate and pomegranate seeds match. I don't think it's for everyone."

"I will keep that in mind."

After she popped the square in her mouth that Hannibal gave to her, Freddie made a face. "It smells like banana but it's starchy, not sweet."

"That's plantain."

"Regular banana would be better," she said.

"Ughhh," said Mason as he spat out the treat on the floor. "That was raw potato!"

Randall chewed his given square and said, "Bacon and chocolate isn't a bad combination."

"Good to know."

Instead of waiting for Hannibal to hand him a square, Franklyn snatched one up and popped it into his mouth. He began yelling, "Hot! Hot! My mouth is on fire!"

"You must have picked the ghost pepper one. I was going to give you the persimmon one."

"Water! Water!" he bellowed, his face turning a nasty red. Franklyn ran to the river and began gulping down the liquid, hoping to drown the heat in his mouth.

"Get away from the river, Franklyn. You're making it dirty. I must now get the waterfall to stop flowing and block off the river prevent any contamination," said Hannibal.

Franklyn continued to drink but soon lost his footing and fell into the river. "Help! Help!" he screamed.

Will broke a branch of a tree and held it out for Franklyn to grab only for it to break. A giant tube descended from the ceiling and a whirlpool suddenly appeared, sweeping Franklyn into its vortex.

Freddie took some photos before saying, "What's happening?"

"We're draining the river. Do not worry, we can scrub the sectioned off area clean."

"Why do the Wendigos look so happy about this?"

"Happy?' said Hannibal as the Wendigos did a dance and began emitting an atonal rhythmic sound that could be interpreted as music.

"Is he OK?" said Will.

"Do not worry, he will be extracted. Just watch," said Hannibal as Franklyn was sucked up the tube while still screaming in terror.

"Do we have to wait for him to be cleaned up before we can continue the tour?" said Mason.

"No, he broke the rules so he will be left behind."

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"Before we go on the boat, I have a treat for everyone," said Hannibal after he led them to another section of the river where a large boat was awaiting them.

"What?" said Randall.

"Magic mushrooms." Hannibal held out small chocolates in the form of button mushrooms. "They're quite special."

After everyone took one and popped it into their mouths, they got into the boat powered by Wendigos rowing it through the water. Freddie sat by herself while Mason and Randall sat next to each other while Hannibal and Will sat in the back.

As the boat went forward, everybody began experiencing strange sights and feelings. "Wait . . . these are real magic mushrooms," said Will.

Mason giggled, "I'm enchanted and terrified."

Randall grunted and groaned while Freddie was cooing about fireworks and things vibrating.

Will turned to Hannibal and saw that he was looking at the face and head of a Wendigo. He gasped, turned away and closed his eyes. Oh my God, he thought, what did I just see? He turned back and saw that Hannibal looked normal again but with a large smile on his face aimed at him. "Mr. . . . Mr. Lecter," he said.

Hannibal seemed to loom over him. "Relax, relax, Will. You're here to have fun. You're safe . . ."

Will had a vision of a broken teacup coming back together. A color storm took over his vision and time became distorted. The usual critical voice always operating in the back of his mind quieted and he felt a sort of elation he hadn't felt in a long time.

"We're here," said Hannibal as the boat finally steered towards the dock that was near a large door.

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"Pigs?" said Freddie as they looked at a field full of large pigs that were mostly brown in color. They were in a waist high enclosure, snuffling happily.

"Yes, I like to call them chocolate pigs not just because of the color but also because I feed them all the edible leftover parts of the cacao pods and as we use a lot of fruit, we also feed them all the leftover bits," said Hannibal.

"What are those holes in the ground?" said Freddie. They were no mere shallow depressions but actual holes whose bottoms could not be seen.

Hannibal said, "Pigs can be house broken. They've been taught to use these as waste pits. The waste can either be used as fertilizer or fuel after some processing."

"They're beautifully massive," sighed Mason. "What is their fat content like?"

"My veterinarian would have that information. Unfortunately, I do not know off hand."

"They have excited my interest," said Mason. "I'd like to buy a breeding pair. How much?"

"I must inform you that they are not for sale," said Hannibal.

"Nice negotiating tactic but I prefer a little more honesty. I always get what I want. It's better not to keep me waiting." Mason laughed in a manic, crazily threatening manner.

"I'm sure you'll get what you deserve."

Mason leaned over the fence and stuck one of the nearest pigs with his fat measuring knife in its back. The other pigs rushed to grab unto his arm and shirt sleeve, and dragged him over the fence. He shrieked when the pigs dragged him to one of the waste pits and dropped him in.

"How far does it go down?" Will said as Mason had completely disappeared and he did not hear any sort of landing.

"Oh, quite far. Do not worry, I'm sure there was a lot of waste to cushion his fall," said Hannibal.

"And why are the Wendigos circling around the hole and flailing about to that weird music?" said Freddie. "Are they celebrating?"

"Nobody wants to climb into a waste pit. Are you volunteering?"

"No!" said Freddie.

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As they walked to a different section of the factory, Will began to fret silently that two contestants had already been dismissed due to "accidents." He glanced at Freddie and saw that she too seemed to be nervous about the whole thing.

"Where is this?" said Will as Hannibal opened a door.

"The invention room."

The contents of the room did nothing to reassure him. There were diving suits and beekeeper suits, which made at least some sense. However, there were what appeared to be the skins of various animals including a giant bear.

Hannibal said, "We have super duty bee keeper suits when we collect honey from wild honey bees and diving suits for searching for algae and seaweed for thickening and flavoring."

"But what about those?" said Randall, looking entranced as he pointed to the animal skins.

"They're prototypes. They're not quite done."

Randall threw on the bear suit and was pleased that it seemed to cling to his body.

"We really need to do more testing," said Hannibal.

"It's not just a costume," said Will as the zipper seemed to disappear and Randall seemed to grow in bulk.

Randall ignored them, flipped on the head and promptly flopped down on all fours, roaring.

"Take that off, you're scaring me," said Freddie.

Randall ignored her and roared again. He began bounding after her only for Will to stand in front of her and hit him in the head with one fist and then the other, making Randall roar in pain.

"How rude!" said Hannibal.

A pair of Wendigos grabbed Randall and dragged him out of the room.

"We will be sure to take the skin off him, do not worry," said Hannibal.

Freddie and Will looked at each other. They were the last two contestants. Will took Freddie aside and said in a low voice, "Does this make you feel uneasy? We're the only ones left."

"It is getting really weird. What do you suggest we do?" said Freddie.

"I don't know."

Chapter End Notes

The cannibalism quote is from the remake.

http://www.vosgeschocolate.com/category/bacon_candy_bars There actually is a bacon chocolate bar.

https://www.npr.org/sections/thesalt/2012/11/08/164696316/tracking-the-elusive-chocolate-persimmon There actually is a type of persimmon called the chocolate persimmon. Unfortunately, its look is unappealing because people equate brown with having gone bad, which isn't the case for this fruit.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bhut_jolokia is infamous for being one of the hottest peppers around. Milk and yogurt is said to work to cut the heat. Water does nothing and rather doubtful about chocolate.

Once saw a video about people trying to get honey from wild bees in a remote area only to find the beekeeper suits weren't up to snuff. Also, agar agar is often used as a thickening agent and is derived from a type of algae. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Agar Seaweed can be found in various Asian dishes as a flavoring agent/ingredient.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Is there any way we can skip the rest of the tour?" said Freddie to Hannibal.

Hannibal blinked in surprise then smiled. "But there's so much more to see. Also leaving now means the forfeiture of the grand prize. The rules stated that one of the five wins a grand prize. If you would like to make Will the automatic winner . . . by all means . . ."

"I'm staying." She then glared at Will as if he had tried to set her up to leave.

Will was about to volunteer to leave when he felt Hannibal's hand on his shoulder. He looked up at Hannibal's face.

Hannibal said, "I hope that you will continue to strive for the prize as well."

Will understood from Hannibal's steely smile that deciding to leave early was not an option in his case. "For now."

"Where are we going to next?" said Freddie.

"The virtual reality room," said Hannibal.

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"Why are we wearing these suits?" said Will. All three of them were wearing white full body suits including helmets and goggles. He had actually taken it off once to make sure he could take it off when he was done with it. He had no intention of getting stuck in a suit and decided he'd throw it off the second he felt something strange going on despite being told that these particular suits had been thoroughly tested and were perfectly safe.

"If you wear them, you can see and sense whatever is in the virtual reality," said Hannibal.

"What does virtual reality have to do with candy?" said Freddie.

"We're making it so that people can taste my candy in virtual reality. So much of the world around us depends on smell and taste. As long as it fails to include those senses, VR will be less than satisfying. Also, it will allow even people with allergies or health problems to experience the joys of candy. Please try the VR chocolate."

Both Will and Freddie turned on their virtual reality helmet and saw a landscape much like the one near the waterfall. They looked around and saw each other in their regular clothes. They took a cautious bite of one of the treats in the virtual reality and found they could indeed taste and feel chocolate in their mouths.

"This is amazing!" said Freddie.

"It's just like eating real candy," said Will, temporarily forgetting his unease and fear.

"How did you do this?" said Freddie.

"I had the machine scan various candies and had them translated to the VR. I've even translated a Wendigo."

"You can make copies of anything?"

"It's translation not copying, but yes."

"How do you do it?"

"You prepare the translation pad by pushing the red button on the control panel then putting the item you want translated on the pad."

"Sounds awesome!" said Freddie.

"Freddie, wait!" yelled Will. However, Freddie had already pushed the button and jumped on the translation pad.

When she disappeared, Will yelled in surprise.

"Put on your VR helmet," said Hannibal.

He did so and saw that Freddie was in the VR landscape. "Freddie, are you OK?"

"I'm fine," she said. "But I didn't expect to come here. I thought a copy of me would be here instead."

Will reached out to touch her. "You feel real in VR."

"I am real. It's like being in reality here."

"I'm glad because you're going to be staying there for a while," said Hannibal.

Will turned to Hannibal. "What do you mean by that?"

"When you translate something, its very substance is broken down to data points then reassembled in VR. However, we haven't figured out how to translate a VR object back into reality."

"You mean . . . I'm stuck here?" said Freddie.

"My Wendigos are already working on the problem. It shouldn't take much longer . . . Perhaps a year or two . . ."

Freddie began screaming in existential terror until Hannibal muted the volume of the VR landscape for both himself and Will. "That's enough of that," said Hannibal.

"Mr. Lecter," said Will as he took off the VR suit. "Why don't you tell me what kind of trap you have in store for me?"

"There is no trap."

"No trap . . . You're not going to have one of the other contestants or one of your Wendigo workers scream that they need help and hope I get myself in a sticky situation trying to save them?" Will raised a skeptical eyebrow.

"No, I actually find heroism attractive. Impractical, borderline insane but immensely attractive. Your conclusion is logical but wrong. Now that you know, tell me what you think now."

Will thought for a while. "You expected all of the others to screw up."

"Yes."

"You expected only me to get this far."

"Yes."

"You created this contest to get me to come all this way."

"Astutely deduced." The more things Will puzzled out, the happier Hannibal seemed to be.

"Why didn't you just ask me to come here? Why all this?"

"I am a stranger to you. You would not come here alone but would probably insist on bringing along a friend whose presence would be . . . cumbersome. Knowing that there would be four other contestants in a public contest would prove reassuring enough."

"Did Beverly know about . . . any of this?"

"No. She was carefully maneuvered to give you the correct bar but it was without her knowledge. A recommendation of a certain bar, the item being on sale, the manager handing her the particular bar in question, it was all rather easy."

He breathed a sigh of relief that she had not knowingly sent him to this place or had inkling about what would happen afterwards. "What happens now?"

"You won the grand prize."

"It was never stated what the grand prize was. A lifetime supply of chocolate? A Lecter's Chocolates store?"

"Nothing so small and petty. Come with me." At seeing Will hesitate, Hannibal said, "I promise that you will not be harmed and I always keep my promises."

Seeing that he had no real choice, Will walked with him.

Hannibal took him to a transparent glass stand alone elevator. Once they both boarded, it shot upwards through the roof and showed the factory and the surrounding land below them. It seemed vast enough to be a small country instead of just a large facility. "This is the grand prize."

"The factory?"

"The company." When Will gasped, Hannibal said, "I don't mean sole ownership but co-ownership."

"Why? I know nothing about chocolate. I am broke, uneducated, have no following . . ."

"You are intelligent, brave, violent, and insightful in a comely package. How could I resist?"

"It sounds crazy but . . . are you a Wendigo?"

"No, I'm like them but not of them. I'm something much more ancient. That's why they obey me so meekly."

"I assume you want me to stay here voluntarily."

"Your compliance is much preferred. You'll lack for nothing. No door will be closed to you. Just choose to stay."

"What about the other contestants?"

"What about them? They brought their fate upon themselves and rudeness and greed must be thoroughly punished."

"I'll stay if you let the other contestants free."

"None of them are particularly good people. If you knew what Mason and Randall have done, you'd want to see them in jail or perhaps even executed. They won't be grateful for your help and they won't be staging a rescue attempt on your behalf."

"I wasn't really expecting them to do anything of the sort."

"Or if you were thinking more along the lines of them coming back to take revenge on me and you somehow escape due to them acting as a distraction, my Wendigos are better fighters than anyone they can hire. And you should know that my powers are stronger than even you suspect." Hannibal sat in deep thought and said, "However, say please and I'll show you what you want to see."

Will bent his head, looked up, smiled and said, "Please."

Hannibal smiled in return.

The End

Epilogue

Five Years Later

Sitting at her kitchen table across from Brian, Beverly frowned as she looked at her scrapbook concerning the winners of the Lecter's Chocolates' factory tour. Only four of them walked out of the factory and all four had nothing to say about the tour except how enjoyable and uneventful it had been.

Randall Tier disappeared soon after returning to the United States. It wasn't terribly surprising as he had been alienated from his parents even before the trip and deeply interested in the wilderness. She could easily see him having become a hermit or some kind of mountain man. After all, it was not against the law to go missing if one wanted to be missed.

However, the other contestants' circumstances were much more ominous. Freddie Lounds had ceased to update both her YouTube channel and podcast with the exception of one message stating she was going to sail through the Bermuda Triangle. Her empty overturned boat was found a week after launch. She was presumed to have drowned though more farfetched rumors suggested that she had been kidnapped by pirates. She had not been seen in the flesh for the past five years.

Mason Verger had a terrible end. A month after his return, it appeared that he had fallen among his prize pigs he had trained to attack people (especially his sister) and all that was left of him was bits and pieces of his skin including his scalp. After his death, all sorts of stories about his hidden crimes and bad behavior came out. Strangely, it turned out that he had changed his will so his sister Margot would inherit everything, thus gravely disappointing the Southern Baptist Church.

However, the fate of Franklyn Froideveaux was easily considered the most bizarre. The last time he was seen, he had been entering his house accompanied by Tobias Budge. A neighbor had stated that the two had been arguing outside the house with Tobias asking Franklyn who he really was and when he was going to get that Stradivarius.

The next day when the maid service came to the house, the maids came upon a bloody scene. It appeared that Tobias and Franklyn had a vicious knife fight the night before. The odd thing was that Franklyn was not known for being in any way a fighter or an athlete, yet managed to kill someone who was later revealed to be an experienced serial killer as proven by the body parts in the basement of his music shop. From the blood spatter evidence, it appeared that Franklyn had wielded knives in both hands to deadly effect. The oddest thing about it was that after taking down his attacker and leaving almost none of his own blood at the scene, he had fled the scene of the crime, leaving everything behind. It had been suggested that he had been traumatized from having to kill someone attracted to his wealth and no longer wanted anything to do with his lottery winnings. Even so, none of his accounts had been touched, not even for the minimal amount it would take to live simply.

And as for Will, that was the one most puzzling to her. He had been deeply interested in law enforcement but instead of returning home, he had sent her a letter telling her that he had become fascinated by candy and had taken Mr. Lecter's grand prize of a job with the company under the direct supervision and tutelage of the CEO and owner. What was even more surprising was that he was currently vice president of the corporation.

"You're still thinking about all that?" said Brian.

"It's very weird," she said. "Besides, I just got my yearly reminder."

Like clockwork, she would get a box of chocolate from the company on her birthday including a postcard showing Will holding a newspaper or a TV showing current events. He did that because she once asked him to give her proof of life before he became a fixture in fashion and business magazines. She opened the current package. Besides the usual mix of caramels and truffles, there was a photo of Will wearing slacks and a knit wool sweater, and his hair cut and styled. He was wearing a gold ring with a diamond the size of a walnut and Hannibal Lecter had his arm around his shoulders. The word "Engaged" and Will's signature was scrawled at the bottom.

"I really wish I could find out what happened at that factory," said Beverly.

"Considering how most of them ended up . . . I prefer you alive."

Beverly sighed and put the photo in her scrapbook.

Chapter End Notes

I think I left enough clues to show what really happened but I can explain it if there is any clarification needed.

End Notes

Hannibal is Willy Wonka. Will is Charlie. Mason is, of course, Veruca Salt. Franklyn is Augustus Gloop. Randall is, sort of, Violet Beauregarde (I did think of using Chilton whose personality is closer but Chilton is more of a coward and it was harder to think of something physical he'd try to grab with no regard to self preservation that Freddie wouldn't try to grab as well). Freddie Lounds is Mike Teavee.

I wrote this mostly because Willy Wonka has a bit of a Hannibal feel. He is passionate about his work, loathes rudeness, (in the newer film with Johnny Depp, there's even a cannibal joke), and at his stage of life, wants family and someone to share his passion with.

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